

# VOX COLLEGII.



ONTARIO LADIES COLLEGE WHITBY

MAY 1902.





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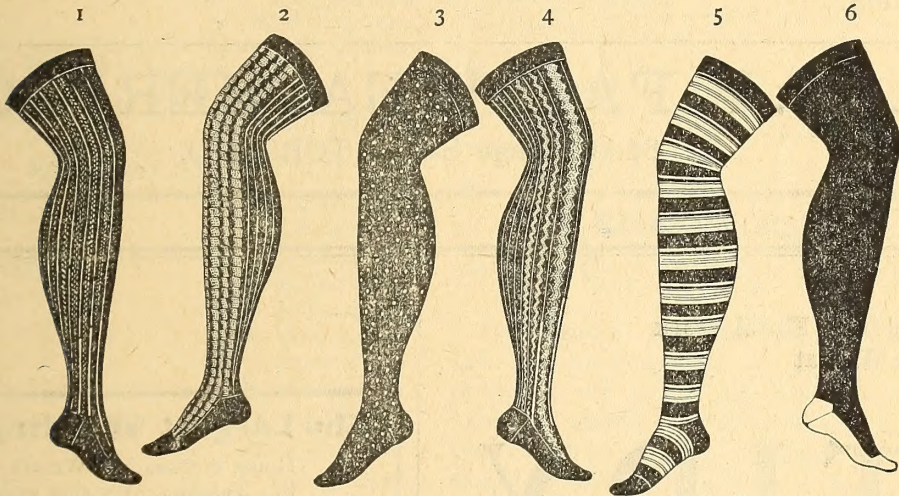
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# Vox Collegii.

*"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."*

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No. 6

## Vox Collegii.

*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

### VOX COLLEGII,

*Published Monthly Throughout the Collegiate Year  
by the Editorial Staff.*

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ART.  
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## Editorial Notes.

The evening of April 25th was one of great pleasure to those from town and college who were present in the concert hall and heard Rev. Mr. Lancely's address on "Father Ryan's Poems." Mr. Lancely's pleasing personality and strong dramatic power added much to the interesting subject. The poems were all enjoyed, but more especially the one entitled "The Story that Runneth Thus." Listening to it our deepest heart-feelings were aroused for this man who so beautifully gives to us the story of his own life. At its conclusion we felt the desire to become more familiar with the works of this venerable father whose life was a monument to purity and self-sacrifice. The interest and enjoyment of the evening was heightened by the presence of Father O'Malley, who filled the chair with a charm of manner all his own.

We were indeed sorry to say good-bye last Monday to another of our girls, Miss Nymah McLena-



han, of Chicago, who has been attending for the past two years. On the Saturday evening before a little farewell dinner was given in her honor by twelve of her girl friends, and the breaking up of a year's companionship was felt by all. Our best wishes and thoughts will follow Nymah across the border.

Capt. White, of Toronto, comes down each Friday to instruct his eager class in horseback riding, and every week we hear great tales from the fair grounds. Apart from their lessons, several have bravely attempted little jaunts for an hour or so on the Saturday mornings, and this vigorous exercise seems to have been well received by the girls already, for in spite of a few bruises and a little stiffness they all declare it is real "fascinating."

OAKLAND, Cal., April 14, 1902.

DEAR VOX.—Greetings to you all I send from this land of "sunshine and roses." How I should love to send you some of our beautiful weather, some of the great pink, red and cream roses that make our home a veritable bower.

To-day is unusually bright and warm; the birds are singing, the bees are busy visiting first one dainty flower then another, sipping the sweets from all. From my window I look far across the green, rolling hills and valleys and to the great blue ocean sparkling under the bright sun's rays—where the huge transports cast anchor, their great white sails flapping in the breeze. Back of the house the mountains guard us day and night; how lovely they look rearing their dark, rugged heads up to the blue sky. All the year around these mountains are covered with dark and light green foliage; here and there in the valleys and hollows nestle several little white cottages, but from the distance they seem like tiny tents.

One of the chief attractions of San Francisco is Chinatown, and the number of inhabitants of that one small town varies between thirty and forty thousand. The houses are high, narrow and dirty, the regular number being five or six families in every house. There are a great many wealthy Chinese, this being noticed especially in the women. They are gorgeously robed in silks and brocades, their shining black hair drawn tightly back from their foreheads and decorated with fancy pins, combs and fans. But notice their feet, how pitifully small

they are, not more than three inches long. The sandals are of white kid, stitched with green, yellow or pink silk. These very small feet are called "the lily feet," and 'tis the highest ambition of the wealthier class to have them, and the festivities of the Chinese new year, which comes in February, are amusing and bewildering to Americans, whilst to them very noisy demonstration only serves to drive away evil spirits and bring to them peace and good luck for the coming year. It is then you see John Chinaman at his gayest.

Another point of interest is the cliff, where you have a perfect view of the deep, unfathomable ocean. The seal rocks are probably half a mile from the shore. Here countless numbers of seals and sea lions roar and bark as they swim lazily around the rocks.

Still, with all these attractive places, to me nothing is more enjoyable than the mountain climbing. Mt. Tamalpais is the favorite, the railroad leading up to it having two hundred and forty-seven turnings and only one hundred and sixty feet of straight road. But we were very independent of this dreadfully crooked road, and instead manfully shouldered our alpen stocks and started to scramble up the rocky sides. Presently one slipped half down, grasping wildly at bushes and jutting rocks, but they, too, seemed to be in a conspiracy, and down you came only to find yourself from the place where you started. While ruefully watching your laughing companions as they seem to fairly glide up to top, much to your surprise you find them down just where you are. After many misfortunes we eventually reached the longed for goal, and what a glorious spectacle met our eyes. Far away on the left was the busy city of San Francisco, the city of a thousand hills. Then looking toward "Golden Gate" beyond which lie the Farrallon Islands, the last point of land seen on the way to the Orient. Over in the west the great, red sun sank slowly to rest until nothing was seen of his jolly round face. The sky was flushed with a deep red, shading off to the far west with a pale pink, and it fell on the anchored ships in the bay, touching the sails here and there with a width of color.

We watched the deepening of sunset into twilight, the stars one by one came out and brought to our minds this thought: "Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven blossomed the lovely stars; the forget-me-nots of the angels."

An affectionate ex-pupil,

WINNIFRED PARKER.



## Clippings.

Be yourself. This is the first important rule to follow. Do not try to be like any one you see or know, but aim to be like your own highest ideal. Copy no one; let yourself, your eternal self, be written in the flesh. Be natural, not artificial; give your inmost, deepest, self free outlet. Be spontaneous, not stilled.

—*Ursinla N. Gestefeld.*

Simple but genuine experiences of early life are the little brown seeds of what may yet grow to be poems with leaves of azure and gold.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

I trow that countenance cannot lie,  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

—*Spenser.*

Our private sorrows will look smaller when we accustom ourselves to care for the larger life of the world, for the good of the community, for the public welfare, for the spread of truth and righteousness among mankind.

—*Charles G. Ames.*

Begin by denying yourself and by-and-by you forget yourself. The kindness which at first was just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy.

—*Brooke Herford.*

### A LILY AND A ROSE.

Without winter was slowly breaking into spring. A robin's shrill song was borne upon the half-chill, half-sweet breath of air that came through the open windows.

A sickly sunshine failed to dispel the murky damp of the grey, outside world, but falling through the richly-stained windows it borrowed new radiance and shone in splendor on the priest's gold-embroidered robe and on the row of devout altar boys, purple-gowned and white surpliced. It radiated, too, the dim figure of the Christ set in its white alcove and fell in a pool of glory at the feet of the figure where lay a heap of blossoms. Sister Genevieve, a look of intense adoration on her pure, pale face, was absorbed in the services. The vast congregation had fallen on their knees, and a solemn hush succeeded the rustle that had been like a thousand leaves in a

whirlwind.

The priest's voice sounded dolorous in the chant. The light of the tapers leaped wierdly in the dim church and the breath of incense was yet heavy on the air.

Sister Genevieve had not heard the robin's song—what interest in the springtime has the heart bound up in the ceremonies of world-renunciation? Springtime, the season of love and mating, when the green things of life cast off the shrouds of winter and burst into radiant bloom. But she had felt her eyes drawn to the white figure, sun-irradiated, in the alcove and thence to a blood-red spot on the altar cloth beneath. It was a rose—a bright red rose—enlivened into vivid coloring by the sun's warm kiss. Its marvelous beauty did not appeal to the sister. She remembered only that it was the flower of the world and emblematic of the world's passion.

The purity of the nun's white face and its sable robes and snow-white coif was the purity of an immaculate lily folded close in its own green life. Meekly she bowed her head and closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the blood-red flower with its all too significant seal of the world set upon its proud petals. She had no part in the springtime of the world, neither in the world's love—the time of heart-mating nor the dreams of joyous youth. The world and the flesh of her heart was dead beneath the pure snows of vows and devotion. She did not wish the warm red rose nor the golden sunshine to call it into life.

\* \* \* \* \*

She was a woman of the world as well as a wonderful actress. She had the reputation of ruining more fortunes and homes than any other woman of her day. She was a born Circe whom women hated and men worshipped, yet whom both feared because she was a Circe. Everyone crowded to the theatres where she played to watch the marvelous power and exquisite grace with which she portrayed the whole gamut of human passions and emotions.

Hers was the talent that comes to one in thousands, and everybody recognized it. And the men whose fortunes she ruined, and the women whose lives she wrecked crowded her play-house from dome to pit and sat entranced beneath the fire of her wonderful genius; laughing when she laughed, weeping with her, moved to every emotion she portrayed, and listening breathless, almost, to the stirring melody of her rich voice, watching wide-eyed her every move and every pose of her figure. With the night



before Easter a week's brilliant run had been brought to a successful close. Responding to a last encore the actress came again upon the stage. Without one sign of fatigue or ennui she walked gracefully to the front, her rich gown trailing in heavy folds of creamy whiteness across the carpet of flowers that had been showered on her. She came into the full glare of the footlights, her long, graceful body swaying slightly forward, a smile of gratified pleasure on her beautiful face, dimpling the mouth that seemed a scarlet thread of exquisite sweetness, and making luminous the eyes of changing color and fire. Above the gleaming whiteness of her gown and the polished marble of her naked shoulders, her head rose regally, crowned with her glorious red hair, that, coiled high in a shining mass and drooping in a pretty fashion in an abundant wave of red-gold fire on her left temple, further enhanced the white beauty of her face. She seemed a radiant red rose on a tall swaying stem, and the audience went wild over her beauty. Stooping with a pretty grace she caught up one of the bouquets at her feet. It was a mass of waxen Easter lillies. She raised the stainless beauty of blooms to her scarlet lips and kissed them. Then with one lovely naked arm she crushed them to her bosom and bowed to the audience, smiling. And the curtain was rung down amid thunderous applause.

The next moment she had cast the flowers at her feet and was trailing her satin gown over them on the way to her dressing-room door.

"Ug!" she said in her silvery voice, addressing the leading man. "I wonder which of my admirers knew so little of my fancies as to send me lilies, of all flowers. I hate the colorless things and their odor stifles me. But at this season of the year public sentiment favors them, so for the sake of effect I made use of them."

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## Locals.

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Cheer up, girls! you'll be jockeys bye-and-bye.

Millie's way seemed rather "Thorn-y" on Saturday.

Jean (soliloquizing)—"I must see him! I've got to see him!"

Annie, in scanning Virgil—"O, you count 'u and i' one, do you?"

I wonder what makes M. A. so sad since the last contingent left Halifax?

"You are simply not in it unless you're 'green.' Everything is that way now!"

Blan (bursting into a missionary study class)—Oh! are you having a family gathering in here?

Remarks from the peanut gallery—"The idea is to get the ball *over* the net;" "pretty play."

We have all learned lately of the unique way in which Agnes disposes of strawberries and cream.

E.—"I don't like him. He's too dogmatic; I don't know what 'dogmatic' means, but he is, anyway."

How delightful it has been to see the girls' parents in the college home taking interest in our school-life here!

Girls! Beware of the ferocious cow who is monarch of all she surveys. Next time have more than one escort.

I have heard of college appetites but when it comes to eating forks I would suggest a change of residence, Rena.

M—(watching for expected visitor on Victoria Day)—"O' there he is; I know his walk. Are you ready, Bess?"

How useful an umbrella is at times, especially when watching a tennis game and the sun is shining into weak, violet eyes.

First graduate—We must meet on Friday.

Second graduate—Oh! no; we can't meet on Friday; that is fish day.

Tottie (looking at a copy of a portrait supposed to be a masterpiece)—That man looks as if he were going to wink the other eye.

At the rate in which the interest in tennis is increasing it will soon be necessary to erect a platform for the benefit of the audience.

Mina (studying)—"In whose reign did Anselm live?"

Bee—"O, he's in the Bible."

Mr. T.—"You should be independent and learn to stand on your own feet." Whose could be



utilized for that purpose if not our own ?

Miss — (Victoria)—What's the score ?

Miss D.—Six—two.

Miss —, "Cheer up; the game's young."

Miss D.—"But I'm not."

Some girls entertain the sincerest sympathy for F — and B — for the dreadful way in which they are treated by their sister. They don't seem to be losing flesh over it, anyway.

Miss Carson, of the Deaconess' Home, Toronto, was at the college for a few days instructing many of the girls in practical sewing, and we hope very soon to see the results of their handiwork.

Some old songs have been resurrected from the music corner: "Over the Fence is Out," "After the Ball," "In the Shadow of the Pines," "I've Loved and Lost," "In the Gloaming," etc.

Bee—"Is it going to rain this morning?"

H—t—"No, it isn't."

Bee—"Are you a good weather prophet?"

H—t—"Wait and see whether it rains or not."

Miss C.—"I never can sleep in the morning because the chickens are cackling and crowing." What kind of chickens, Miss C.? Do they wear squeaky boots and get up at five o'clock in the morning?

In a drug store:—

Mrs. B.—Do you keep anything to drink here?

H.—Yes, just a moment. (Five minutes interval.)

Mrs. B.—What have you got?

H.—Water.

Miss P. (teaching "The Merchant of Venice" where Bassanio says: "Let me choose, for as I am I live upon the rack")—"You see Bassanio is dying of suspense; that's what they all say under the same circumstances." What an advantage to have a teacher who knows all about such things. Truly the O. L. C. is an ideal seat of education.

At the home of Mr. R. Stewart, of Whitby, Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Smith entertained about thirty of the girls for their daughters. They were assisted by the Misses Stewart, and the evening was one of "observations." The dainty prizes were the well-won rewards for this delightfully test of the senses. A most pleasurable evening ended all too soon for the girls.

## NATURE IN SPRING.

This of all others is the poet's season, and in springtime they are in their best. The happiness of the birds and budding flowers seems to be instilled into their very lives, and their hearts almost too full of pleasure for utterance. They, more than any others, appreciate all the beauties of nature who is truly the poet's friend. The tension being at last removed the poet bursts into song more beautiful and natural that we cannot but be impressed with it, and it constantly recurs to the mind in springtime:

"And now the heavenly power

Makes all things new,

And thaws the cold and fills

The flower with dew.

The blackbirds have their wills

The poets, too."

The poet is inflicted with the desire to burst the restraining bands which tend to hold him to the conventions of every day life, and as truly following this impulse in writing verses as the flowers burst their buds or the plants their seed coats.

The Indians feel this desire for freedom in the spring more than any other people. With the first warm day those of them who have spent the long, cold winter almost starving on the borders of some white settlement in their smoky "tepees" immediately fold what is left of their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away to the woods there to remain until the first bleak October wind drives them back nearer civilization.

In the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company white men who had married Indian wives found this tendency rather inconvenient, for while they were tied to their duties for the company during the summer their wives would be roaming the forest enjoying their wild, free life until hunger or cold drove them back to their home.

In the far north the musk-ox, whose summer home is away north in the Barren Grounds through which only two white men have ever gone, come south to the woodland country during the winter, where they are hunted by the Indians, but as soon as the first sign of spring appears back they go to the wild solitude of the Barren Grounds, there remaining in safety and in undisturbed possession of the great waste country.

Byron must have felt this natural desire to be near nature very keenly for his lines on the subject find



an echo in all our hearts just now :

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

There is a rapture in the lonely shore,

There is society where none intrudes

By the deep sea and music in its roar.

I love not man the less, before;

From these our interviews in which I steal

From all I may be or have been before

To mingle with the universe and feel

What I can ne'er express but cannot all conceal.”

We feel freer, stronger and better fitted for our work when we have been alone with nature for awhile. All artificiality is thrown off and we can then show the best that is in us. After a long ramble in the beautiful spring woods or a drive through peaceful country lanes one feels the full joy of living and the divine inspiration to live up to all the beauty which has been spread around us.

There is the joy and energy caused by the bright sunny days, the budding life and laughing skies which finds expression in a brighter eye, happy smile and quite elastic footstep. But there is a fuller, deeper pleasure arising from a mingling of the happy and thoughtful, the grave and the gay. It is a feeling not to be analysed, but is well described by Tennyson in “Tears, Idle Tears”:

“Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depths of some divine despair

Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes

In looking on the happy autumn fields,

And thinking of the days that are no more.”

And Longfellow seems to have felt the same strange power of nature when he says;

“I see the lights of the village

Gleam thro' the rain and the mist,

And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me

That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing

That is not akin to pain,

And resembles sorrow only

As the mist resembles the rain.”

To be away out on the lake or ocean far from the rush and whirl of work, with the blue sky above and the darker blue waters all around, with no sign of life on any side and the ability to appreciate all the beauties of freedom and scenery is an experience much to be coveted.

The prairies with their verdure-covered waves are very similar to the ocean in the feeling of awe and grandeur which impresses one at first sight of these

great plains. A sunset on the prairies is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. Just as the sun sinks below the horizon the prairies are colored with light. The whole western sky seems aflame with the varied tints of dark-red, vermillion, orange and yellow fading into one another and constantly changing position, while in the central and eastern sky the reflection on the blue seems to make the paler tints of violet, green, indigo and purple. The whole sky is a mass of varied color, and is often sprinkled in the east with fine fleecy clouds through which the colors come in modified stretches.

Then, to camp at night on the cool grass and feel the prairie breeze fan one's face; to hear the owl and cayote wierdly howling, and see the millions of worlds above with all their glory and grandeur is an experience of a lifetime.

Bryant has well described these vast, untrodden plains when he says:

“These are the Gardens of the Desert, these

The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,

For which the speech of England has no name,—

The prairies, I behold them for the first,

And my heart swells, while the dilated sight

Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo, they stretch

In airy undulations, far away,

As if the ocean, in its gentlest swell,

Stood still, and all his rounded bellows fixed

And motionless forever.”

If the sight of the prairies could inspire such words as these is it not reasonable to suppose that many others might be inspired in the same way? It is a reasonable conclusion and one which is founded on experience.

In all nations and at all times it is the men who have lived nearest nature, in heart if not in circumstances, that have done most for literature, government and civilization.

Another of Bryant's poems with which we are all familiar and which is sure to be appreciated by any one who has watched the ducks flying northward to their summer home in the soft twilight of a spring evening is “To a Waterfowl”:

“Whither midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,

Far, thro' their rosy depths, dost thou pursue

Thy solitary way?

There is a power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,

The desert and illimitable air,—

Lone wandering but not lost,



He who from zone to zone,  
Guides thro' the boundless sky thy certain flight  
In the dark pathway I must tread alone  
Will guide my steps aright."

All nature is glad when the springtime comes; the dull slaty sky has gone and a fresh joyous blue takes its place; the rivers and trees are rejoicing because they have been freed from the iron bands of winter; the flowers are happy because of the opportunity of showing their new summer dresses, which, alas, will be gone before summer comes; the birds and bees have already begun to find the sweetness for which they have waited all through the long, dreary winter, and the whole atmosphere is pervaded with joy and gladness.

But spring is also a time of examinations and hard work, and because of this the mind is too much occupied to notice the beauties of nature. The inevitable result of this neglect of our kindest and best friend is that most prosaic of all diseases—the blues. Whenever you feel an attack coming on drop work, go out into the bright sunshine and let some of it find entrance into your heart. Then life will be happier and work will yield better results.

If nature is glad, you of necessity should be glad also, because there is pleasure in the pleasant sunlight and sympathies in the sighing pines. There is beauty everywhere and we were meant to enjoy it to the full:

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,

When our mother nature laughs round;

When even the deep blue heavens look glad,

And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground."

Mother nature is always beautiful. In spring she is especially so, but if we would enjoy her beauties as we should unkind, uncharitable thoughts should be put away. Sir Galahad, of all Arthur's Round Table, was permitted to see the Holy Grail because he alone was absolutely pure in heart and untiring in his search.

Nature does not exist merely for man's enjoyment. Beauty was created for a higher, nobler purpose than that, and if we only would we might learn much from it, so that we might truly "Look through nature up to nature's God."

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#### PEANUTS.

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Behind the scenes of college dignity and discipline

there is always a little of that which is appreciated and remembered,—the more because of the after punishment and the naturally delightful feeling of having been "found and caught" in the deed. Forgetful of what is "expected" to be done—for memories are best left at home in the room when an evening's fun is anticipated—there remains but one idea, the quickest and quietest way to the rendezvous—on this occasion the art room. It occurred some few nights since at 11.30 p.m.—the subject was merely, "peanuts." At first no warnings could keep the excited voices down, but soon round the large circle the two tiny candles reflect on the interested faces of listeners, and, we guess, a story is already in progress—one of those very wierd, impossible stories which remind one of the dear childish days of the past. The crackling of peanut shells has stopped, and suddenly we feel a peculiar pause, for one girl has glanced over her shoulder and is peering mysteriously round the "easels" and behind the quiet "figures" in the room. Someone suggests the door but that is still closed, contrary to expectation.

Later, there is a real cause for commotion, and a stronger light from the doorway is thrown upon the thirty girls and a floor littered with shells. At this unexpected (?) sight the meeting is called upon to disperse, and strangely, too, no second meeting is suggested, for in a short half-hour, peanuts having been quite forgotten, only the fairies and shadows remain.

A. G. O.

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### Elocution.

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#### ANCIENT AND MODERN ORATORY.

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Speech is a divine gift bestowed upon man. It is the natural method of communicating thoughts between rational beings. All nations have recognized its power and sought its aid. Monarchs have been elevated and dethroned, constitutions have been modeled and remodeled, wars have been instigated, and the yokes of tyrants have been forever broken by its power.

As oratory depends for its success on its ability to persuade, the orator must speak with reference to his audience, and he that would study the character of oratory must study that which appeals to the souls of his hearers.



The style of oratory varies with the civilization and temperament of the people. The ancients were more emotional than we. Their education was superficial; books were almost unknown, and the knowledge which they acquired was obtained chiefly from experience and observation, consequently they were keenly alive to their surroundings. The human passions—love, hate, ambition, jealousy and greed—were strong in their hearts. As a natural consequence, long trains of reasonings, necessitating close attention and mental applications, were the exceptions. The aim was not to convince their intellects, but to move their passions. The orator spoke of their debt of gratitude, their sense of honor; he noted the evil arising from inaction; he made general observations of their interests, reminding them of their homes, their wives, their children—anything which men held dear.

While ancient oratory neglected logical reasoning and cultivated appeal to sympathies, modern oratory recognizes reason as the judge upon whose bar must be placed its final appeal. Growth in civilization and knowledge demands a firmer basis. Our oratory is not satisfied with lashing into foam the fickle surface, but seeks below quiet depths of reason.

The press is a potent factor in the change. While a Demosthenes or a Cicero swayed the multitude within the hearing of his voice, our modern orator strives not only to move the assembled thousands but the millions scattered through the land. As he addresses such an audience the expression, the posture, the voice and the gesture are wanting; all that remain are the cold unemotional facts to plead his cause. Is it a wonder that the style of oratory has changed? It is a testimony to our advanced stage of civilization that judgment rules emotions and not emotions judgment.

It has been claimed that oratory has declined—that this age of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and phonographs has killed the orator. It is a well known fact that great crises develop heroes—that the greatest achievements are the deeds performed by the greatest natures on important occasions. Thus in oratory those bursts which have formed masterpieces for the world were delivered when the fate of nations was in the balance. When Greece, torn by dissensions, had drunk the cup of degradation to the very dregs, when her strength had been exhausted by civil wars, when Philip from the north was threatening to overwhelm her shattered forces,

then did Demosthenes deliver those renowned philippics.

It was not when Rome was at the zenith of her glory that her oratory culminated. When she was divided by faction, when her magistrates were threatened by assassination, when rich were arrayed against poor and poor against rich. Then it was that Cicero thundered against Catiline.

When the union was threatened with dismemberment, when the mutterings of the approaching tempest were heard throughout its borders, when Hayne, the champion of the south, had apparently settled the question of state's rights Webster delivered that thrilling, masterful reply which has rendered his name immortal.

The age of peace and prosperity is not best adapted to draw out the latent power of the theme which fired a Demosthenes, a Cicero and a Webster are lacking, but notwithstanding this oratory has not declined. Oratory is an attribute to the soul. It has its foundation in love, sympathy and reason. When humanity sinks so low that it will not respond to these three, and not till then, will oratory fail to sway the hearts of men and yield its kingly sceptre over human thought and action.

An interesting recital was enjoyed by all the members of the elocution class in the chapel Saturday evening, May 3rd. The *Dagger and Witch* scenes from *Macbeth* were given. Characters:—  
 Dagger—King ..... Miss Hall  
                   Queen ..... Miss Badgely  
 Witch—The three weird sisters.....

Misses Merner, Biggs and Heal

The Misses Ostrander and White delighted all by their readings, Jennie McNeal, by Will Carleton, and Lasca, Anon.

## Domestic Science.

### THE KITCHEN IN THE HOUSE.

What food is to the body the kitchen should be to the home. Indeed, as Brillat-Sawasin has said, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," so one may say, show me the kitchen and I can form a good idea of the home. As to the comfort and happiness of a home do not depend upon vast room and costly furniture, and there is often far more peace and pleasure in a cottage than a palace, as the kitchen need not be a vast apartment in which many



cooks are preparing many dishes such as the wealthy Roman houses of two thousand years ago were famous for. But as every human life depends for its support upon food, so every human home must have a kitchen in which that food is prepared. The person who neglects food soon gets sick, and the home in which the kitchen is neglected is not a happy home.

Nourishment of the body and soul are more closely connected than we with limited vision are apt to realize. Were a mother's insight deep enough her constant care would not be entirely for her child's physical welfare but for body, mind and spirit as a subtly blended whole, separable in language only, never in reality. She would then understand when administering to his first and plainest physical needs she is exerting an influence upon his whole being, the effects of which will be lasting. Far more than we think is man's true welfare and happiness dependent upon simple trivial things, but because these things are so natural, so near at hand, so easily applied, they are often overlooked, and later no amount of money can buy back what they would freely have given.

From personal experience and observation of hundreds of children from as many different homes I do not hesitate to state that sunny tempers, active bodies and minds and hearty enjoyment of life depend much upon proper food and clothing and plenty of sleep and fresh air.

—*Selected.*

#### GREAT PEOPLE.

"The truly great people are those who have done everything thoroughly and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making."

—*Ruskin.*

#### BE IN EARNEST.

"Everyday of my life I feel more and more that to be thoroughly in earnest is everything, while to be anything short of it is nothing."

—*Dickens.*

"All quarrels, mischiefs, hatred and destruction arise from unadvised speech, and in much speech there are many errors out of which thy enemies shall take the most dangerous advantage."

—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

## Personals.

Mr. Frank Hare was at home for a short time last week.

Miss Lena Richardson spent Sunday in Port Perry.

Miss Maude Stone spent a few days with her sister.

Miss Laura Staples, of Cobourg, returned for a short visit.

Miss Violet Wilson spent the holidays here with her sister.

Mr. J. I. Hanson, of Montreal, visited her daughter, Irene.

Miss Eva Murdoff spent the 24th with her sister at the College.

Misses Emily and Daisy Fead visited in Oshawa during the month.

Miss Madge Craig, of Toronto, was the guest of Miss Grace Manchi.

Miss Nora Hamilton and Miss Jessie Gibson spent several days at home.

Miss Lillian Southgate was the guest of Miss Copeland for a few days.

All were delighted to welcome Miss Violet Wilson among us for a few days.

Mr. F. Oliver, of Edmonton, Atha., spent Sunday with his daughter, Harriet.

Mrs. Charles C. Norris, of Toronto, visited her sister, Miss M. L. Copeland.

Miss Louise Paisley, of Halifax, spent a pleasant week here as the guest of her sister.

Mrs. Barclay Stephens, of Montreal, has returned home after a pleasant stay in Whitby.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hodson, of Ottawa, paid a few hour's visit to their daughter, Jessie.

Mrs. Phillips and her daughter, Miss Irene, renewed old acquaintances at the O. L. C. this week.

Several of the girls had the pleasure of a trip home, some accompanied by room-mates or friends.



Mrs. G. E. Trory of Vancouver, B. C., and Miss Grace Stone, of Toronto, visited Miss Josephine Trory.

Mrs. W. R. Philips, of Trenton, a former pupil, and her small daughter were the guests of Miss K. Wright.

Mrs. F. Winter, of Toronto, and her friend, Mrs. A. Fening, of Detroit, were guests at the college for a few days.

Mrs. Hare entertained the members of the Canadian Club a few weeks ago, and all enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Mrs. H. L. Smith of Indianapolis, Ind., remained in town for a week on her return home from a visit in Bowmanville.

Mrs. J. H. Hanson, of Montreal, Mrs. E. Bramble, of New York, are staying in Whitby, and are frequent visitors at the college.

In the past month very many of the girls have been most kindly entertained by the ladies of the town, and several enjoyable hours spent in their homes.

We were pleased to have with us several guests who remained over Sunday after the holiday. Among these were:—

Miss Edna Baxter and Miss Edna Pattison, both of Toronto, were the guests of Miss Berta Ogden and Miss Madge McKendry.

## Music.

Melody is the golden thread running through the maze of tones by which the ear is guided and the heart reached.

—*Christian.*

Miss Smart's and Miss Archer's pupils gave a recital in St. George's hall, Toronto, on May 15th. Three of them, Misses Norris, Breithaup and Sidna Brown, were pupils of the W. L. C. last year. Miss Rice sang "The Monk's Songs," by Alexander von Fielitz, and Miss Lillian Wilson the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet" and "Divine Redeemer," both by Gounod."

A meeting of the Music and Literary Club was held in the drawing room on Friday, May 2nd.

The literary subject was Longfellow, with miscellaneous music. The following programme was given:—

- Song—"O, Dry Those Tears"... *Teresa del Riego*  
Miss Petherbridge.
- Essay—"Life of Longfellow"..... —  
Miss McAmmond.
- Song—"A May Morning"..... *Denya*  
Miss Seccombe.
- Selection—"Evangeline"..... —  
Miss Badgely.
- Song—"My Home is Where the Heather Blooms"—  
Miss Craig.
- Selection—"Courtship of Miles Standesh"... —  
Miss Hall.
- Selection—"Hiawatha"..... —  
Miss Badgely.
- Piano solo—"Polka"..... —  
Miss Crabbe.

A very enjoyable recital was given by the pupils of Miss Wright and Miss Teskey in the concert hall on Friday, May 9th. The following numbers were well rendered:—

- Piano solo—"Moment Musicale"..... *Moszkowski*  
Miss Sutherland.
- Piano solo—"Walse Entrainte"..... *Paul Wals*  
Miss Hall.
- Reading—"The Ride of Jennie McNeal".... —  
Miss Merner.
- Piano solo—"7th Valse"..... *Chopin*  
Miss Chown.
- Reading—(a) "Limitations of Youth"..... *Field*  
(b) "Confidence"..... *Dunbar*  
Miss Heal.
- Piano solo—"Blumenleid"..... *Lange*  
Miss Eaves.
- Reading—"The Mississippi Steamer"..... —  
Miss Biggs.
- Piano solo—"Gipsy Rondo"..... *Haydn*  
Miss Campazzè.
- Reading—"A Charming Woman".... *J. K. Jerome*  
Miss Hall.
- Piano solo—"Second Waltz"..... *Chopin*  
Miss Zinkan.
- Piano solo—"Invitation to the Waltz"..... *Weber*  
Miss Cook.

One of the most interesting meetings of the Music and Literary Club was held in the concert hall on Friday, May 16th. The subject was Schubert, and



the following are the numbers that were given : —

Duett (piano)—“ Marche Militaire ”.....*Schubert*

Misses Carscallen and Seccombe.

Essay—“ Biographical Sketch ” ..... —

Miss Oliver.

Song—“ Serenade ” .....*Schubert*

Miss Wilson.

Piano solo—Impromptu, Opus 90, No. 4...*Schubert*

Miss Corrigan.

Song—“ Who is Sylvia ” .....*Schubert*

Miss Michaelis.

### Report of the Student Volunteer Convention.

TORONTO, Feb. 26-March 2nd.

Any one who has attended a large convention such as met in Toronto two weeks ago cannot but appreciate our difficulty to-day.

It seems impossible to bring back in words the depth of feeling and enthusiasm which was manifest in that vast crowd of eager enthusiastic young students from all over the United States and Canada, lead by strong, energetic, deeply spiritual and truly consecrated men such as Mr. Mott, Mr. Speer, Bishop Thoburn and others. However, though we may be powerless to enthuse you with that same strong feeling or to take you in spirit, as we so often want, to India, China, Japan, or Africa, surrounded by wild beasts, or starving and sick with fever, still we hope to bring you some small conception of the mighty missionary impulse sweeping through our colleges and taking so many students away across the seas to the great world of sin and darkness beyond. For my own part, I was hardly prepared for the scene that awaited me at Massey hall Wednesday afternoon; the hall dotted with placards upon poles fixing the position of the delegates for nearly every State. The floor and both galleries were thus sectioned off and filled to overflow at nearly every meeting, so that the first couple of days none were allowed in but delegates. and then every seat was occupied.

With such a vast audience one would naturally think that a certain amount of confusion would prevail at all times. This was not the case. The doors were kept shut through every address, and such was the eloquence of the speakers (and if not eloquence, whole-souled earnestness and power) and such also was the interest aroused in the delegates, that many times there would be breathless silence. Mr. Mott

made a capital chairman as well as an interesting speaker, and not a moment was lost in chilling delays. Wednesday afternoon was a session of self-examination and consecration to us all. Mr. Speer, one of the most intensely earnest and attractive speakers, gave us a short address. His subject was, “ In love abounding.” I cannot refrain from giving you these striking questions which he asked :

1. Is Jesus Christ, who is your best and truest friend, *always* in your thoughts as your loved ones are ?

2. Does He occupy your *hearts*, overrule your *wills* and possess your *love* as a *real and living presence* ?

3. Do we esteem others better than ourselves ?

If we hope for any good we must everyday forget ourselves and seek to know more of Christ. I never realized so strongly as then what we may any of us be or do. Possibilities in life are always governed by resources, so our spiritual possibilities are measured by our spiritual resources and we have God Himself. We are heirs of God. Do we really comprehend that the God of the Universe has promised to give us all things ?

Some feet will press to heights yet unattained,  
Why not thy own ? Press on ! Achieve, achieve !

In the evening the subject was “ India.” Here I got some conception of the magnitude of the student volunteer movement when I learned that we had co-workers in Germany, Holland, Switzerland, France, Spain, Belgium, Italy, Austria, Bulgaria, Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Transvaal, Natal, and others. Dr. Jones, from India, was there and spoke very strongly of our responsibility to India. We must give them a true conception of God for the land is full of gods too horrible to be pictured. While preaching in a village composed of a large band of robbers he tried to move the stony heart of one old robber, who made him this reply : “ Never mind me, but look after the boys, teach them.”

We think of the Hindos as a very ignorant and degenerate race and rightly so, for the great masses are very deceitful and shameful vices are prevalent. Their religious Hinduism and Mohammedanism teach them that they are what they are because their forefathers were what they were ; therefore they cannot rise to a higher level than their natural passions and desires lead them.

Just now they are roused, and among the native students—men preparing to occupy the highest positions in army and state—the most eager ques-



tionings have been awakened. As many as fifty clever, brilliant students have come in a morning to the missionary to learn of his religion.

India's salvation rests in the salvation of her rising generation, and the great call now is for our best educated and cultured *young people* to go out and not only teach a noble Christianity but live it in pure, devoted lives.

Another afternoon proved a most interesting and profitable session with China. It would have thrilled every one of you, I am sure, to hear between twenty and thirty returned missionaries rise in turn, give their name and station, how long they have been there, and the prospect for the future in China, which was most encouraging.

The Chinese are stubborn, remarkably industrious and very reverent both to parents and old people. One old man was going through a strange village and all the peoples dropped their work and formed a line on both sides till he passed on. This earnest devotion and constancy shows in their life as Christians. During the Boxer movement men, women and children were cut to pieces before they would recant even by bending the knee.

Dr. Amend gave us a detailed account of the Boxers, a company of religious fanatics striving through force of arms to establish what they consider the true religion. They were strong and terrible and respected neither old age nor goodness. One old man, especially loved and venerable, was pled with to burn incense or let some of them burn it, or bend one of his knees—even the slightest sign that they would be pleased to consider a recantation—but all in vain. Little boys were tempted in the same way but withstood and were immediately put to death.

Could we have been so brave? Do we love Our Savior and our religion as that old native? Could we have resigned our lives so faithfully and willingly in such a trial?

Dr. Gainwell told us of the seige of Peking and the suffering that followed, and the way in which God's hand was seen in the preservation of their lives amid fire and famine.

Miss Stone, a Chinese Christian lady, then sang in her native costume "Saved by Grace" very speedily and appropriately. Her voice was full of feeling and power, and she appeared to us as a beautiful type of the work of Christianity in China.

Our mission schools in China seem to the little Chinese children as heaven itself. Poor children;

theirs is a hard lot. When small it they become really ill they are laid on the damp ground, and when dead are wrapt in bundles and put out at the gate and after a time an old man driving a cart comes along, gathers up all the bundles in the city and takes them out to an old tower where he pitches them in through a door on to a sort of grated floor and then below he makes a fire which comes up and burns them.

This is China with her teeming millions. But this will not be her description a few years hence. Every province is open. The educated feel they are behind the times and seek to know our religion. There was never such a demand for Christian literature, while actually in some districts they support all their missionaries themselves.

Let me mention Africa briefly. There a few years have done a great deal, and the recent war still more, in the way of railroads and opening up the country. One gentleman who, while in Africa, was four times attacked by lions and thirty times sick with African fever, told us of the long journey of 350 miles walk he took through the forest to get to the people to whom he wished to tell his glad tidings.

Selfishness and lack of thought or affection towards one another is here manifest in the inhabitants. It is usual to put the sick or infirm anywhere out in the woods to be eaten by lions and all such wild beasts. The work of the missionary is very difficult but unopposed.

With such doors open and earnest appeals ringing in our ears from those grand and tried old missionaries for help immediately how can we as students of this college fail to see our responsibility? I would not say that we should all devote our lives to foreign missionary work, but certainly at least to *missionary work*. Some of you have never taken much interest in mission work nor are your friends interested, but there is not one of you who cannot awaken in a community an interest in anything in which you yourself are sufficiently interested. What is our life to any one of us? Is it to be a succession of selfish pleasures and then an eternal dream with no work done, no good accomplished? Surely not! We are none of us so selfish if we would but think of the necessity and the dreadfulness of the hour. Some may say the heathen are better in ignorance. Not so! They can never gain in eternity that nobility of character and beauty of soul which is developed by a knowledge of the Savior as a living presence. They will



never know the joy of living and peace in dying if we withhold our good news from them.

And, now, in closing, let me turn your attention to the Sunday afternoon meeting of all the women delegates. This meeting was most wonderful and impressive. I shall give you some of the thoughts of the lady volunteers preparing for the foreign field.

It is impossible for a young woman having accepted Christ to be selfish. She cannot forget her sisters dying in misery and helplessness.

God has two plans for each of us. The first, His highest ideal to which we must strive developing every talent, every part of our being and reaching up to the purest, noblest womanhood. His second plan is something inferior, but still good. We may fall short of our possibilities through lack of confidence, energy, faithfulness or through ill-health, and thus, though we live a pleasant, helpful life and do some good in the world, still the grand and far-reaching work passes into other hands.

Listen to the solemn words of Mr. Howard Taylor, China:—*If our eternal death means something so awful that God had to come from His throne to save us, it certainly demands my life!*

How can we any longer feel no interest in the perishing millions living in degradation and misery and dying without a knowledge of this wonderful Redemption.

“Go ye therefore and teach all nations.”

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## Art.

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The entertainment given by the Art Class in the drawing-room on May 9th was very much enjoyed by the girls, many of whom appeared in fancy costume. The attempts of each girl to draw the bird or animal mentioned on her programme afforded considerable amusement, and the “guesses” as to what it was on the part of the others, had they all been known, would have been as wide of the mark in many cases as the drawings.

The prizes offered were water-color sketches done by the senior art pupils; the one for the best drawing being won by Miss Carscallen, for the largest number of correct guesses by Miss Gregory, and the booby prize by Miss Hamilton. Mr. Harper's gramophone added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The booth was well patronized, as the girls had a

chance for once to buy all the candy they wished.

The favorable weather during the past few weeks has given the sketching class an opportunity to apply the knowledge gained during the winter months to outdoor work, and their efforts have resulted in several studies of pretty bits of scenery in and around the town.

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## VICTORIA DAY.

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Although the outlook in the morning was very discouraging at first, this 24th proved to be one of the most successful ever celebrated at the O. L. C. The arrival of many friends by an early train soon helped to dispel any feelings of disappointment, and when the Argyle, after a little pleasure jaunt around the lake in the fog, returned with the other guests the day, though half spent, quite recovered its holiday spirits and was almost smiling again.

The Victorians had brought with them as a trophy for the tennis tournament the new shield representing the two colleges interested, and every one admired the novel arrangement of the two crests.

Shortly after dinner the players were matched for “singles,” and they commenced almost immediately. The playing was brisk, and at first very little difference was seen between the two sides. The games were even and long, while much good playing might be well credited for all. Two from each were winners in this part of the play. After a short intermission the doubles were tried, and this time the visiting ladies were “Victorious.” To all who were interested in tennis the entire contest was full of lively playing, and the winners were well worthy of praise. Several of the gentlemen from the town played with a few from Victoria later.

About half-past seven most of the guests were leaving, and in saying good-night the closing, the “fall” tournament, and even the conversat were talked of in anticipation.

When the students from Victoria and our other friends from Toronto shall please to come down for another day they will be most heartily received, for on Saturday they made a most delightful addition to our family.



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Carmichael - 60  
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High and low voice.

Trouble—Behrend - 60  
High and low voice.

All For You—d'Hardelot - 50  
High and low voice.

Give—Cowen - 75  
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I Love Thee So—DeKoven - 75  
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Princess Chick—Edwards - 50

(Lancers.)

Princess Chick—Edwards - 50

Belle of Bohemia—Englander - 50

Whirl-i-Gig—Meacham - 50

Foxy Quiller—DeKoven - 50

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